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whom she writes, is highly creditable to her taste and understanding: it has rendered the work one of much greater interest than it otherwise would have been. As it has been now so long before the public, however, we feel it unnecessary to enter into any particulars of the story, but refer our readers at once to the volume itself.

*The Variations of Popery.* By Samuel Edgar. Dublin: Curry and Co. and Jellott, Belfast.

It is not our province to decide on controversies; and, therefore, we may not say anything further for the work now before us, than to express our decided opinion, that no work of the kind, since the day in which Archbishop Usher wrote his famous answer to the Jesuit Malone, has appeared in Ireland, which exhibits more research—which displays more acute reasoning, or a more triumphant refutation of the positions and arguments of adversaries, than this laborious publication of Mr. Edgar. It is not only valuable for the variety and extent of its matter, but also for the abundance and accuracy of its references.

*The Irish Pulpit, a Collection of Sermons by Clergymen of the Established Church.* Second Series. Dublin: W. Curry, Jun. & Co. 1831.

We are right glad to see the second series of this work—it is another testimony in the face of the broad day, that the moral taste, and feeling, and perception, of the people of Ireland are improving—that the name of our country will no longer be associated merely with mirth and murder, folly and frivolity; but that a taste for solid and substantial reading is gaining rapid ground, and, ere long, will “leaven the whole lump.” True, there is not one of these Sermons, which can be called either splendid or sparkling—there is not one which ascends the higher walks of eloquence, and in speaking thoughts and burning words, startles the sleeper, and casts a more than earthly glory over the hopes of the godly man. Ireland has no living master spirit—not one, the magic of whose powers can lead in willing and triumphant captivity, the minds of a breathless and a gazing audience: but she

has not a few honest, and able, and effective men, whose pulpit ministrations are raising the standard of pulpit eloquence; and of the sermons of such as these, is the present volume composed.

It is a fact, that not more than twenty years ago, there could scarcely be found a faithful, zealous, Gospel preacher from one end of the island to the other. “Like priest, like people,” is no unnatural inference; and we are afraid that the inference and the truth will be found to coincide. But the volume before us is a cheering refutation of the charge, as applicable to the present day—it speaks of brighter and happier times—for we feel assured, that such men as have contributed these sermons, are acting up to the spirit of their holy calling, and spreading around them the truths of salvation, and the benefits and blessings of a moral education. Two of them, since the publication of the volume, have passed into eternity. We trust that others as pious and as zealous will be found to supply their places.

We have said, that not one of the sermons can be called either splendid or sparkling; but they are all respectable, and in several there are passages of great beauty and strength—while the fervent scriptural piety—which is not merely sprinkled over, but thoroughly diffused through the whole—imparts to the clear statements, the solemn warnings, the affectionate exhortations of the reverend preachers, a richness and a raciness peculiarly grateful to the man who is old-fashioned enough to love truth in her simplicity, and whose moral vision is not blind to “the beauty of holiness.” It would be invidious, in a short notice like this, to particularise; but we cannot avoid observing, that there is one sermon, (and only one) in the volume, which offends our taste. It is written in an over strained and affected style, and from its tone of dictatorial bombast, forms a striking contrast to the sermons either before or after it, or indeed throughout the whole work. We would recommend to the worthy author, an imitation of some simpler and purer model of pulpit eloquence, than he appears to have studied. In conclusion, we can warmly and honestly press this second series

of the Irish Pulpit, on the attention of the Irish public—and, in the words of Dr. Chalmers, (on a quite different occasion) would say to the publishers, "Go on, you must do good."

*Thoughts on the Death of the Rev. George Hamilton.* By the Rev. Peter Roe, Minister of St. Mary's, Kilkenny.—Dublin: R. M. Tims—183J.

To speak favourably, and yet not flatteringly of the dead, is no easy task; when death comes and shuts the scene of the life and labours of the virtuous, their memory comes back upon us sweetly and freshly, crowned as it were with the enriching dews of heaven, and freed by the awful change which has visited the mortal form, from all those frailties which must needs be cast upon the surface in the busy tide of life. But on the character of him whose decease gave rise to the 'Thoughts' before us, death could make no change: as the scholar, the man, and the Christian, he had long and most deservedly ranked high among his fellow labourers; and from an acquaintance of no short duration, we can bear testimony to the truth of Mr. Roe's rapid but characteristic sketch of his departed friend—who was indeed and in truth, as he says,

"A lover of the bible—a friend of truth—an enemy to, and an exposé of false doctrine—an advocate of free inquiry, and of the right of private judgment;—he brought to the pulpit, to the platform, and into society, a comprehensive mind, well stored with facts, not with speculations—extensive and diversified information—an intimate acquaintance with the Hebrew Scriptures—a memory which scarcely ever failed—an eloquence most convincing—a collectedness of spirit and manner, that was proof against taunts and captiousness—and a fearlessness that no aggression could daunt."

We fully agree with Mr. Roe in thinking, that in his death

"The Church of England has been deprived of one of her most enlightened

and useful ministers; the different religious societies of one of their most zealous supporters; his family of a relative, who, as a husband, a father, a son, and a brother, gave ample proof that his faith was not inoperative—but that while it gave peace to his soul, it made him conscientious in the discharge of every duty; his associates, of a friend, sincere and constant—his friendship was undeviating, like the principles upon which it was founded. In so selfish a world as this is, the death of such a man does, indeed, produce a chasm that may not readily be filled up."

With the excellent writer of this pamphlet, we sincerely hope, "that a sketch of the life and labours of the Rev. George Hamilton may be given to the public."

*Byzantium, and other Poems,* By B. A. Marshall.—Whittaker and Co. London. 1831

*Sketches of Genius, and other Poems,* by D. Corkindale.—Robins. London, 1831.

Having already, in another part of our publication, had occasion to speak of the poets and poetry of the present day, and feeling assured many of our readers will consider that a *quantum suff.* of the productions of Parnassus has already been ordered for insertion, we shall merely observe that, although in the little work of Mr. Marshall, there is nothing very splendid, or which would call forth a warmth of praise, there is still much to commend. It contains some very pretty strains of poetry—considerable feeling—and is free from any thing which we could decidedly condemn.

To "Sketches of Genius," by Mr. D. Corkindale, we may award the same meed of praise. It is an imitation of Byron however, and certainly gains nothing by the contrast which will naturally force itself upon the mind of every individual who has ever read a page of the noble bard's writings—and who has not?

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are in a state of profitable exploitation. A remunerating quantity of copper, lead, and tin, is extracted from their ores, and is exported.